

A Snowflake in Rain: The Homecoming of Jane Ives by Rosy_el

Series: [The Sunshine Boy and the Snowflake Girl \[7\]](#)

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Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Holly Wheeler, Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Brown hair was hanging in her eyes and curling at the nape of her neck, dripping wet from the Sunday morning rain. Torn tube socks and a filthy pink dress were all the girl had on.

A single word slipped out of the girl's pale, chapped lips.

"Mike."

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Author's Note:

Whooooooooop.

November, 1984

It felt like the world had tilted back onto its axis.

The doorbell rang twice that morning and Holly reached her arm way up, tiny fingers barely grasping the shiny brass knob.

"Holly, sweetie," Karen wiped her hands on her pale yellow apron, pancake batter painting her knuckles, "you need to wait for Mommy to get the door, okay?"

Holly ignored her and the door swung open.

"Holly—," Karen Wheeler fell silent.

Before her, trembling beneath the doorway, stood a girl who couldn't have been older than twelve or thirteen. Brown hair was hanging in her eyes and curling at the nape of her neck, dripping wet from the Sunday morning rain. Torn tube socks and a filthy pink dress—*that looks awfully like Nancy's old one*—were all the girl had on.

A single word slipped out of the girl's pale, chapped lips.

"Mike."

Holly frowned, turning back to look at her mom. Karen stood frozen, mouth open. The oven began to chirp, signaling that the breakfast casserole Karen had put in fifteen minutes earlier was done. The sound drew Karen from her trance.

"Mike!" She yelled, still unmoving. "Mike!" Louder this time.

A shuffle sounded from upstairs followed by an irritated moan. Slow, heavy footsteps now accompanied the faint sound of the beeping oven.

Mike emerged from the ledge of the staircase, clad in mismatched pajamas and raven-colored hair sticking up in every direction. His eyes and lips were thick with sleep. "What?"

Karen breathed. "Michael."

He blinked and then followed the light coming from the wide-open door to the figure of the girl who had haunted and exalted his dreams for the past year.

Suddenly he was awake, completely electrified. Without another word, he was bolting down the steps and then holding her—cradling her, tears blinding his vision and sobs choking his body. Eleven broke down quickly, salty tears tracing lines through the dirt on her cheeks. They kneeled on the floor together, sobs mixing and thousands of prayers answered.

Karen didn't know what to do besides watch and comfort Holly when she, too, began to cry. Smoke billowed from the oven and the alarm went off, pulling Karen into reality and sending her flying into the kitchen, tossing the burnt casserole into the sink.

The world shifted back onto its axis that November morning.

"I promised," El wept into Mike's disheveled hair. "I promised."

Author's Note:

I think I'll go into more detail on the matter of El coming back from ~wherever~ she was for that year. What do you think? :)

-rosy